



Stanley E. Brown

September 10, 1942 - February 1, 2019

Brown, Stanley E. (Sonny), 76, of Broken Arrow, passed away Friday, February 1, 2019. He was born September 10, 1942 in Pryor, OK to Stanley and Lucille Brown. He joined the Marine Corps when he was only 17 and served for the years 1960-1964. When he returned from the service, he became a welder and a member of the Ironworkers Local 584. As an ironworker and pipeline inspector, he worked throughout the U. S. until his health issues required him to retire. During retirement, he loved maintaining his yard and home, working on his vehicles and visiting with family and friends. Sonny was the proud father of Paul David Brown who passed away November 1997. He was also preceded in death by his parents. He leaves behind his wife Sonia Brown; Chris Lamm, Benjamin and Magan Dale; grandson, Parker Dale; sisters, Beverly Schneider (Steve), Gail Cook (Jim).

Visitation 2:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m., Sunday, February 3, 2019, Moore's Eastlawn Chapel, Graveside service 2:00 p.m., Monday, February 4, 2019, Cavalier-Vann Cemetery, Locust Grove, OK

Moore's Eastlawn Chapel
918-622-1155

Events

FEB **Graveside** 02:00PM

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Cavealier Vann Cemetery

Locust Grove, OK, US

Comments



“ There wasn't enough space to paste the rest of what I had written so here it is:

I didn't want to say good bye to him but I'm grateful that I was able to the day before he died. I told him he was okay and that we will be okay. I know he didn't like to be preached at but I prayed over him and for him and told him he could let go and be at peace and join Paul and Grandma. I thanked him for being in my life and for loving me. And although he wasn't very responsive, he did squeeze my hand and I am grateful for that. I know that I will see him again and I'm grateful for that as well.

Jill Hull - February 05, 2019 at 07:22 AM



“ If you knew Uncle Sonny, you knew three things – he loved to laugh, he loved his cars and he loved his family. He had a wonderful laugh that could range from a quiet chuckle to one that could be heard two houses away. He had a very mischievous spirit and he loved to tease people. If he loved you, he teased you and I know he loved me a lot because he teased me a lot. From the time I was a little kid, he was finding ways to pick on me and make me laugh along with him. Even at the end, he was teasing me with the hot tamales. He knew I wasn't a fan of them and one time after I had handed the container to him, I waited until he had grabbed a handful then I tried to put them out of reach. Well he got a hold of it before I could and with his sly, mischievous grin, he slowly pulled it away from me.

It was an honor to be loved by him. Because if he loved you, he protected you. Even when I was little, he was the big tough guy you could count on for anything. And he would show me how strong he was by lifting me off the ground with one arm. He even tried to protect me as I got older although I didn't make it easy for him. He didn't like it when I started getting tattoos and there was a bit of cussing involved when he saw the first few but after a while he'd just roll his eyes. He was the same when I told him we were going to Colorado and would be enjoying the recreational things there. He eventually calmed down about that as well and was very proud of Joe for getting into the industry here once 788 passed. He was even willing to take the THC drops we gave him but unfortunately it was too late.

He and Paul were my heroes and the bond between them was so strong you couldn't tell where one started and the other one ended. They had a love of cars, country music, cowboy hats and Wranglers so tight and starched they could stand on their own. I'm thankful that they are together again with Grandma and the rest of the family.

He certainly loved his house and kept it perfect. It had become a safe haven for him after floods, fire and divorce. It became an almost sacred place after Paul died there and the fact that he made sure he died there as well says a lot. The house was more than a structure; it was a constant place of security that would be there when he got back from wherever he had been.

And of course, his family meant everything to him. As a Marine, he embodied the motto of Semper Fi, always faithful, always loyal. He loved his family with all his heart and we all knew it. He was fiercely protective and wouldn't tolerate a bad word said

against any of us, deserved or not. I don't think I ever heard him talk bad about anyone. If something bad was brought up, he would state facts but never embellish or trash talk. He certainly didn't hold past sins against you and wouldn't want anyone else to either.

It's not fair that he went out this way, that someone as strong in mind and body should be weakened the way he was but life certainly isn't fair. My heart goes out to Sonia who had the terrible honor of taking care of him in the last stages. It is a thankless job no one wants to do. No one wants to see their loved one die or deal with the messiness of death but it is a privileged duty we all will most likely perform. To put aside your self, to focus solely on someone else's journey, and to try to ease a loved one's pain by suppressing your own is a task Uncle Sonny took on when his mother was dying and it is something he expected and deserved from his own family and definitely got. We all had our part in helping him through his journey and no matter how big or small the role, each was equally important to Uncle Sonny. He was big on quality over quantity; especially these last few months and he appreciated all gestures of kindness, love and respect. I thank all of you who were there for him.

Jill Hull - February 05, 2019 at 07:21 AM



“ Such a wonderful man I will forever remember him for his infectious laughter. He left a legacy of love and laughter every where he went. Fly high Sonny. Kim Gregory



Kim Gregory - February 03, 2019 at 08:30 PM



“ Sonny was a good friend and I'm sure going to miss him. Love you brother



Ron Meeks - February 03, 2019 at 07:19 PM



“ Sonny was our neighbor on Kalanchoe for 7 years. Sonny always would drive by with his huge truck and stop to catch up with us and our boys. We are so sorry to hear of his passing and send our condolences to his wife and family.

Rachel and Matthew Norman - February 03, 2019 at 03:14 PM



“ Rachel And Matthew Norman lit a candle in memory of Stanley E. Brown



Rachel and Matthew Norman - February 03, 2019 at 03:10 PM



“ We didn't know Sonny well, but being friends with his sister Beverly and brother-in-law Steve he stayed with us one night waiting for his flight back to Oklahoma from Florida. We watched a great football game, had pizza and a good conversation! Sonny was a great guest.

Ruthie Rohrbach - February 03, 2019 at 07:39 AM



“ Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Stanley E. Brown.



February 02, 2019 at 03:19 PM



“ 45 files added to the album LifeTributes



